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# THE MANITOBOAN

LITERATURE : ARTS : SCIENCE : STUDENT ACTIVITIES



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THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

SOCIETIES REPORTS NEWS NOTES

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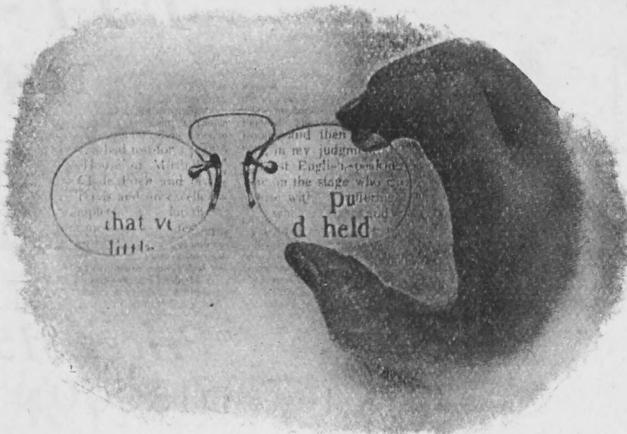
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# THE MANITOBA

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Winnipeg, Thursday, January 14, 1915

No. 5

## LOUIS PASTEUR (1822-1895)

By ALEXANDER GIBSON, Medical College.

The name of Pasteur is one which must ever be held in reverence by every man who can appreciate the efforts of a life devoted to the service of humanity and to the advancement of knowledge. It has happened time and again that the immense cloud of human ignorance has been pierced by a shaft of light from the mind of some brilliant genius. At no period of the world's history have such illuminating beams been cast with greater frequency than during the last century, and by no one man has more been achieved in lighting up the dark places of science than by Louis Pasteur.

Pasteur was born in December, 1822, at Dôle in France. His father, Jean Joseph Pasteur, was one of Napoleon's soldiers. Entering the army of Napoleon as a conscript in 1811, he served through the Peninsular War, gaining the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and received his discharge from the service after Napoleon's abdication in 1814. Pasteur's mother was likewise of humble parentage.

Some years after the birth of Louis, the family migrated to Arbois, in which town Joseph Pasteur established himself as a tanner. Amid these surroundings the childhood of the great scientist was passed.

His career at the École Primaire gave no indication of his capacity. Though of serious and studious disposition, he was not more than a good average scholar. In 1838 an opportunity came for study in Paris with a view to entrance to the École Normale, and in 1840 he took the degree of Bachelier des Lettres. At this time he wrote, in the course of a letter home, "These three things—Will, Work, Success—fill human existence." His after life nobly carried out the conception of Will and Work which he thus early formulated, and to few is it given to be rewarded during their lifetime with an equal measure of Success.

In 1842 he appeared before the Faculty at Dijon as a candidate for the degree of Bachelier des Sciences. His work in Chemistry, it is interesting to note, was *médiocre*. In 1843 he entered the École Normale.

Pasteur first devoted his attention to purely chemical problems, especially with regard to the tartrates and paratartrates, and their effect in solution upon a beam of polarised light. The reward of much hard work came in 1848, when the key to the action of these substances as dextro-rotatory or laevo-rotatory,

was discovered in the precise formation of the crystals.

In 1849 he went to Strasburg as assistant to the Professor of Chemistry. There he met and married



LOUIS PASTEUR

Marie Laurent, a kindred spirit, who from the commencement of her married life approved that in the life of her husband "the laboratory should come before everything else." Continuing his purely chemical researches, he discovered the transformation of tartric into racemic acid, and was rewarded in 1853 with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. It was about this time and from this chemical standpoint that he commenced his epoch-making researches on Fermentation. In a lecture delivered at this time he said: "I have kept alive some seeds of Penicillium Glaucum on the surface of ashes and paratartric acid, and I have seen the laevo-tartaric acid appear."

In 1854 he went to Lille as Professor and Dean of the Faculty of Science. Here he continued his re-

searches into the nature of Fermentation. From Lille he went in 1857 to Paris as Director of Scientific Studies at the École Normale. In a letter home written in 1860 he says: "Yesterday I presented to the Academie des Sciences my researches on Spontaneous Generation; they seemed to produce a great sensation." The subject of Spontaneous Generation had been for centuries a scientific battleground. Pouchet and Joly in France and, a little later, Liebig in Germany, were Pasteur's chief antagonists. Pasteur combated the theory step by step by a series of experiments of increasingly rigid accuracy. In the midst of his work he was suddenly asked to leave his laboratory in Paris, and investigate an epidemic which was ruining the industry of the cultivation of silkworms in the neighborhood of the town of Alais. His work here was conducted with his usual thoroughness, and he was successful in discovering the cause of the epidemic. While awaiting the renewal of the silkworm season in order to confirm his conclusions, Pasteur contributed to the literature a book on Wine. He showed that "it was, in fact, sufficient to heat the wines by the simple process already at that time known in Austria as 'pasteurisation,' in order to free them from all germs of disease and make them suitable for keeping and for exportation." The results of this work applied to substances other than wine have been of incalculable value to mankind in all parts of the globe.

In 1870 the war between France and Germany commenced; it brought to Pasteur much heaviness of heart. The "horrible mortality amongst the wounded in battle" called for "the attention of all the friends of science and humanity." In Britain, at this time, the great Joseph Lister, stimulated by Pasteur's work on ferments, had already inaugurated the antiseptic treatment of wounds. Before the war he had expounded the principles which should guide surgeons, and yet, through the early days of the war, these principles were not applied. In the light of our present-day knowledge of the treatment of wounds, knowledge due entirely to these two great men, the horrors of war waged in what one may designate the "septic" age can scarcely be realized. Many instances of cruelty embittered the patriotic Pasteur against his country's foe. One instance of "sacrilegious meanness" was the damage done in the laboratory of Regnault, the famous physicist. "Nothing seemed changed in that abode of science, and yet everything was destroyed; the glass tubes of barometers, thermometers, etc., were broken; scales and other similar instruments had been carefully knocked out of shape with a hammer. In a corner was a heap of ashes; they were the registers, notes, manuscripts—all Regnault's work of the last ten years." The bombardment by the Germans of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris roused the indignation of Pasteur to such an extent that he returned to the University of Bonn the diploma of M.D. conferred upon him by that institution in 1868. In the light of recent events it is interesting to read the letter which he wrote: "Now the sight of that parchment is odious to me, and I feel offended at seeing my name with the qualification of

*virum clarissimum* that you have given it placed under a name which is henceforth an object of execration to my country, that of *Rex Gulielmus*. While highly asseverating my profound respect for you, sir, and for the celebrated professors who have affixed their signatures to the decision of the members of your Order, I am called upon by my conscience to ask you to efface my name from the Archives of your Faculty, and to take back that Diploma, as a sign of the indignation inspired in a French scientist by the barbarity and hypocrisy of him who, in order to satisfy his criminal pride, persists in the massacre of two great nations."

About this time, Pasteur devoted considerable attention to the fermentation of beer, and the controversy on Spontaneous Generation was renewed with Liebig, the great German chemist. Gradually, his researches led him to the question of the nature of the *virus* or *contagium* in disease. To the fruitfulness of the ferment conception in disease processes the history of Medicine during the last forty-five years bears eloquent testimony, and Surgery, as a scientific art, dates its birth from the work of Lister, inspired as it was directly by the researches of Pasteur.

An occasion memorable to English-speaking scientists was the appearance of Pasteur at the tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh, 17th April, 1884. On this occasion the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon the illustrious French *savant*. "When Pasteur's name was pronounced a great silence ensued; everyone was trying to obtain a sight of him as he walked towards the platform. His appearance was the signal for an outburst of applause; five thousand men rose and cheered him. It was indeed a splendid ovation." In addressing the students after the ceremony, Pasteur made use of a memorable sentence: "Whatever career you may embrace, look up to an exalted goal; worship great men and great things."

The last great achievement of Pasteur was the conquest of Hydrophobia, a disease practically identical with that of Rabies in dogs. Through weeks and months of patient research, not unassociated with personal danger from the rabid dogs which formed the subjects of his observations, Pasteur pursued his untiring way. He tracked down the *virus* to its main location in the central nervous system, and then, continuing his experiments, found that by desiccating the brain or spinal cord of a rabid dog for varying periods of time, he could attenuate the *virus* to almost any degree. The next step was the production of the ability to resist the bite of a mad dog. This object was attained by the successive injections of rabietic brain which had been desiccated for shorter and shorter periods, *i.e.*, by the injection of rabietic brain of increasing virulence. He found that dogs treated in this way "might be bitten by rabid dogs given them as companions for a few minutes or submitted to the intra-cranial inoculation of the deadly *virus*; they resisted both." Pasteur had, in modern phraseology, introduced a vaccine for Rabies. Only after long experimentation on animals did Pasteur venture to deal with Hydrophobia in man. This disease, happily extinct in Great Britain today, had been known from the earliest times. For its cure all varieties of "quack"

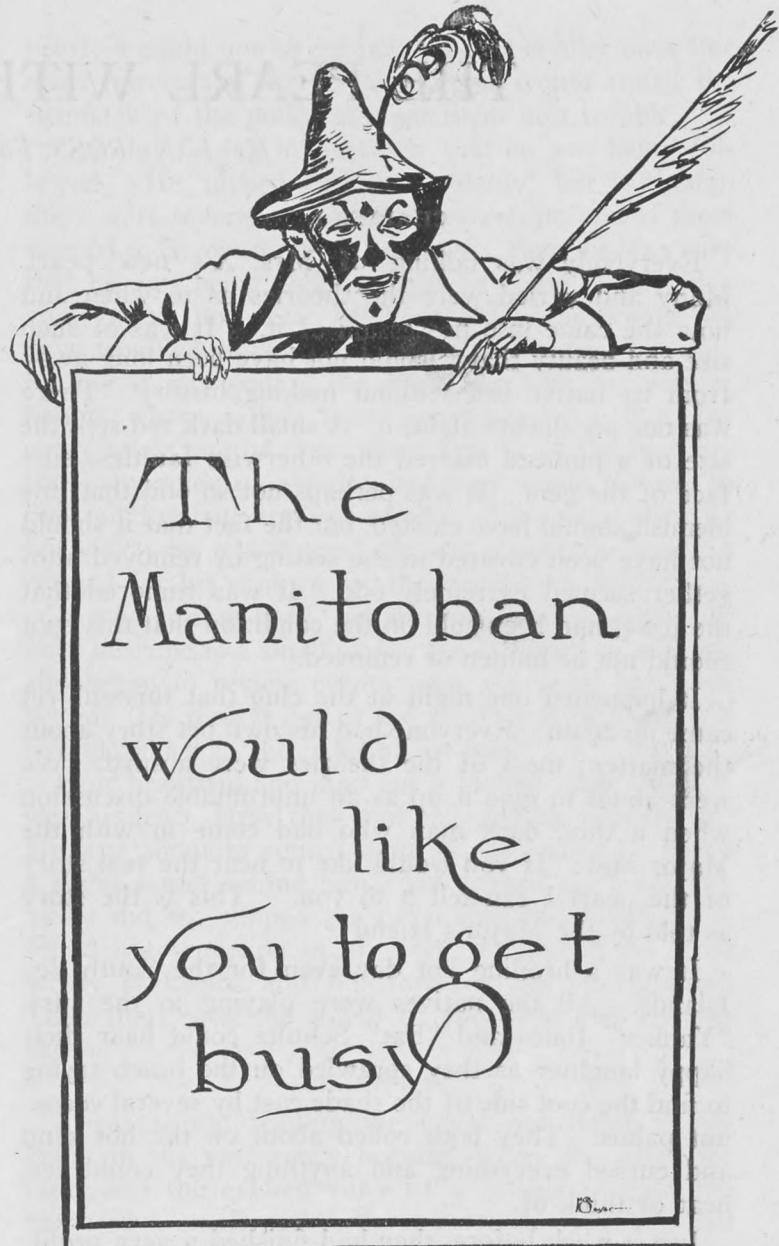
remedies had been proposed, including such things as the livers of mad dogs, and a compound of crayfish eyes, but the disease was uniformly fatal. At last, on 6th July, 1885, a child of nine was sent to Pasteur two days after being bitten by a mad dog. With considerable trepidation, and after anxious consultation, it was decided that the results of the work on dogs were sufficient to warrant the experiment on the human subject. Into the child's side were injected a few drops of a liquid prepared with desiccated rabietic medulla. On July 16 the final inoculation was given by the anxious Pasteur. The boy remained in perfect health, and the conquest of Hydrophobia was assured. On 26th October, 1885, Pasteur described the case at the Academie des Sciences. The Chairman of the Academy, Bouley, described the meeting as one "for ever memorable in the history of Medicine"—a claim which we re-echo with fervent sincerity. Not only was the actual result achieved a remarkable one, but the method pursued was one of fruitful suggestiveness, a method the results of which are to this day insufficiently applied. On 14th November, 1888, the world-famous Pasteur Institute was inaugurated by Carnot, President of the French Republic.

In his speech at the opening of the Institute, Pasteur, after alluding to the loss of his "masters" and "companions" in the hard-won fight, concluded with the following "philosophic remark": "Two contrary laws seem to be wrestling with each other nowadays—the one, a law of blood and of death, ever imagining new means of destruction and forcing nations to be constantly ready for the battlefield; the other, a law of peace, work and health, ever evolving new means of delivering man from the scourges that beset him. The one seeks violent conquest; the other, the relief of humanity. The latter places one human life above any victory, while the former would sacrifice hundreds and thousands of lives to the ambition of one. The law of which we are the instrument seeks, even in the midst of carnage, to cure the sanguinary ills of the law of war. Which of these two laws will ultimately prevail God alone knows. But we may assert that French science will have tried by obeying the law of humanity to extend the frontiers of life."

Fortunate beyond many others, Pasteur lived to see the fruits of his genius and to reap the reward of honors which the learned of all lands hastened to lay at his feet. For him the crown of joy was when his pupil Roux expounded at Lille, in 1894, the discovery and application of anti-diphtheritic serum. Another scourge had been robbed of half its terrors.

For the last year of his life Pasteur enjoyed but indifferent health. He passed away peacefully on 27th September, 1895, in his seventy-third year. One cannot but think of the words of Vulpian spoken in 1887: "Our works and our names will soon be buried under the rising tide of oblivion; the name and works of Pasteur will continue to stand on heights too great to be reached by its sullen waves."

*The Life of Pasteur.* René Vallery-Radot. 2 vols. Constable, London.



#### NORTH DAKOTA AND MANITOBA UNIVERSITIES EXCHANGE LECTURES

As has been the custom in former years, the Universities of Manitoba and North Dakota will again exchange lecturers for a given number of addresses. Many of the students now in the University of Manitoba remember with pleasure several of the addresses that have been delivered here as a result of this arrangement. They have been able and scholarly, but at the same time couched and presented in a popular way, so that students of all faculties, whether accustomed to the phraseology of the particular subject or not, are able to follow intelligently the whole development of the discourse.

This year we will have with us here in Manitoba Dean Vernon F. Squires, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of English in the University of North Dakota. Dr. Squires is also the editor of an edition of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and, as well, is the author of many articles on literary topics which have appeared in various journals and magazines. We have no doubt that a real treat is in store for those who succeed in gaining admittance to his lectures.

See announcement under *Coming Events*.

YDE-CLAY.

# THE PEARL WITH THE RED SPOT

By J. R. ROSS, Faculty of Engineering.

## CHAPTER I.

Everybody was talking of Mrs. X's new pearl. Many and varied were the theories as to when and how she came into possession of it. It was of such size and beauty that it could not have been long away from its native bed without making history. There was one peculiarity about it. A small dark red spot the size of a pinhead marred the otherwise faultless surface of the gem. It was perhaps not so odd that this blemish should have existed, but the fact that it should not have been covered in the setting or removed altogether seemed extremely odd. It was rumored that the jewel had been sold on the condition that this spot should not be hidden or removed.

It happened one night at the club that this subject came up again. Everyone had his own pet story about the matter; most of the theories were absurd. We were about to give it up as an unprofitable discussion when a thin, dark man who had come in with the Major said: "If you would like to hear the real story of the pearl I can tell it to you." This is the story as told by the Major's friend:

It was a broiling hot day even for the South Sea Islands. All the natives were playing in the surf. "Yankee" Jones and "Fat" Schultz could hear their happy laughter as they sprawled on the beach trying to find the cool side of the shade cast by several cocoanut palms. They both rolled about on the hot sand and cursed everything and anything they could see, hear or think of.

Just a week before, they had finished a very profitable cruise, and now they had not a cent in their pockets and felt much the worse for their spree. After a while, when the sun's shadows began to lengthen into long streaks of darkness, "Fat" stood up and shook himself. He was short and broad, but by no means could be justly called fat, for he was the picture of a Dutch Hercules—all bone and muscle, with a big, broad face and features to match. His hair looked like a straw stack in a cyclone and his costume was neither fashionable nor extensive. The Yankee's dress was similarly scant and varied, but he was a much taller man than his companion, rather thin than fat; in fact he was a powerful but rough caricature of "Uncle Sam."

The Dutchman after a few minutes' thought said: "Did you buy dot sail-boat?"

"Yep. That's the only sensible thing I did do since we landed."

"Vell, we might as well sail mit it tonight, for we are not wanted here just now when we haf no money."

"Where in —— are we going to sail to?"

"Why not sail," here the Dutchman looked around and whispered, "to dot pearl oyster reservation off by White Coral Island?"

The American looked at his companion a minute and then replied, "Sure; I'm game."

## CHAPTER II.

Two days later a pretty little sailboat was gently riding at anchor a short distance from a little island, whose beautiful green verdure and brilliant white coral beauty formed a wonderful and pleasing contrast to the sky and sea behind.

Both men were stripped and in the transparent blue water. They had been working for several hours, and as the bed had not been fished for many years they had already had very good luck. The work was, moreover, dangerous, for besides the fact that they were poaching on a reservation, there were many sharks in the sea that thought well of a man for lunch; but both men were experts at the art, and, being true adventurers, they rather liked the element of risk.

They opened the oysters as soon as they brought any quantity to the boat, for it might be necessary to move any minute, and it was far safer to have no evidence in the shape of oyster shells in the boat if they were caught.

"We've got as many pearls as it is safe to carry into port without wising somebody," said the Yankee late in the afternoon. "It's time we were flitting."

"Just once more," answered Schultz. He stood up straight at the edge of the boat looking into the depths. Then, slowly bending forward, he dived into the clear water, sending up a train of bubbles which marked his course.

"That crazy Dutchman will have me and him pinched yet," said the American as he stretched and looked around the horizon. "Suffering sin, if there isn't smoke showing over there already."

He sprang forward and started to lift the anchor as a rattle of shells on the deck and a gurgling curse came from the stern of the skiff. Schultz climbed aboard after the shells. He coughed and spat some water overboard and in doing so caught sight of the smoke.

Meanwhile the Yankee had weighed anchor and was beginning to hoist the sail. The Dutchman ran to the tiller and the boat began to lean over and gather speed as the sail caught the strong breeze that was springing up. The Yankee turned to look at the smoke, and hearing Schultz growl and bang something on the deck turned and asked what was the matter.

"Gut Himmel! Look!"

The Yankee grinned, for his friend had the two small fingers of his left hand caught between the shells of a large oyster and could not get them free. The shell was soon opened and the one nursed his fingers while the other began to look for pearls.

His fingers touched something big and round. He uttered an exclamation as he drew forth a pearl of enormous size, perfectly free from any blemish. He immediately tried to hide it, but Schultz, who could not leave the tiller, had seen it.

## CHAPTER III.

That night they did not sleep. Each had become suspicious of the other. The Dutchman carried the great pearl because he had picked up the oyster; the American carried the other pearls so that the Dutchman would have no means of travelling alone.

Some three weeks later they were on a steamer that was to arrive at Honolulu about ten o'clock that night. They were together in the smoking room. Both had been drinking, not because they really wanted to, but because each hoped thus to gain an advantage over the other. The room was empty, for the island was in sight and the passengers had gone on deck. The Yankee asked to see the pearl. The Dutchman put his hand to the pouch at his waist where he kept the jewel and, as he did so, looked down. Before he could raise his eyes the Yankee grabbed him by the throat with one hand while he drove a knife into his chest with the other. Schultz grunted and the American felt a violent beating of the heart, and a few muscular twitchings in the neck of his victim.

A chair fell over and a glass of brandy was upset on the table. The dead man's hand fell limp to his side. The great pearl dropped from between his fingers and rolled underneath the table. The Yankee seated the dead man in a big arm chair, straightened up the other chair, wiped up the brandy on the table and then began to look for the pearl. It was not in the pouch. At last he saw it on the floor under the table.

In picking it up he noticed that there was blood on his right hand. He hastily cleaned his hand with his handkerchief and wiped the blood off the pearl—all but one speck, where a tiny drop of brandy had softened the surface of the gem so that the blood sank in. Here there remained a small red spot.

After what seemed years the whistle blew. They were coming into port. There was another long wait, then the whistle blew again. He went to the stateroom and took his baggage. When he arrived on deck they were just at the dock, and he was one of the first ashore. He went at once to the steamship office to see when he could get a boat for America. Luckily there was one starting in about two hours. He paid for his passage and went aboard. He went to his stateroom but he could not endure the solitude; something seemed to force him to the smoking room. Once there he tried to reconcile his conscience; he tried to make himself believe that it was not murder he had committed, but that he had only killed in self-defence. He had not meant to kill; he had been drunk at the time. But none of these reasons made him feel less guilty. He looked at the pearl; that small red spot seemed to grow to cover his hands. He started from his chair and staggered to his room. Flinging himself on his bed, he began to cry. The nervous tension had broken his strength, and he gradually fell asleep.

As soon as he arrived at San Francisco he tried to sell the great pearl, but since he could not very well give an account of himself he instinctively chose those places where the fewest questions would be asked. But here he met with an unexpected difficulty. The proprietors of these places would have nothing to do with it. They said they could not risk having so large a

pearl; it could not be cut into several smaller ones like other jewels, and that so large a gem would arouse the suspicion of the police and get them into trouble.

One day he felt instinctively that he was being followed. He turned about suddenly, but although there were several people in the street, no one of them seemed to be aware of his presence. Soon he was *sure* that he was being followed, yet he could never get a view of his pursuer. In the old days he would not have troubled much over such an occurrence, but now his nerve was gone. He could not seek his former haunts where sailors were accustomed to live, for every other one of them knew him to be the inseparable companion of Schultz, and they would be sure to find out the true state of affairs. Two days after he knew that he was dogged, he saw a poster offering a reward for his capture for the murder of Schultz.

It was getting dark, but he wandered on aimlessly until he came to a small park. He sat down on a bench and began to review events since the pearl had been found. He took it out of the small case he carried it in and held it in the palm of his hand.

How beautiful and innocent it looked when the spot was hidden! How that spot changed its appearance! He was about to return it to its case when he heard a slight sound behind him. He ducked his head and, as he did so, slipped the pearl into his mouth. He felt a hot sensation in his neck; he swung his hand wildly backward and fell forward on the ground. Then there was the sound of footsteps and all was blank.

## CHAPTER IV.

I was sitting reading the paper one night in my study in the emergency hospital when the telephone rang, and the excited voice of a policeman gave the name of a small park where, he said, a murder had been attempted. In a very few minutes I was sitting beside the chauffeur of the new auto ambulance, and in ten minutes I arrived at a small open space with a few trees and benches, some few patches of grass and one solitary arc lamp. Here I found a small crowd with an officer in the centre, who was trying to stop the bleeding from a knife wound in the neck of a long, lean man. There was nothing that could be done there that the policeman had not done, so we put the man in the ambulance and went back to the hospital. Here I found that the knife had entered the base of the neck at the right side and had not made a very serious wound.

The man's mouth was tightly closed, and after I had dressed the wound I opened his mouth with much difficulty. Quite a quantity of blood flowed forth, for he had bitten his tongue severely, and in the blood I discovered an enormous pearl of great beauty, marred only by a red spot. My patient recovered consciousness and there appeared to be every chance of his ultimate recovery, but soon signs of blood poisoning appeared, and in spite of all we could do he died. Before dying he made the foregoing statement to the police and left the pearl to the hospital on the condition that the red spot should never be removed.

I sold the pearl to Mrs. X. on behalf of the hospital. So now you have the true story of the pearl with the red spot.

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JANUARY 14, 1915



## EDITORIAL

No year within the memory of this generation has been fraught with such grave uncertainty and laden with such tremendous responsibility. The war cloud hangs low.

*Looking Forward* Hunger stands at the door of a million homes and knocks. This world crisis is reflected in every action of our students. Men and women are taking a saner view of life and its problems; they are learning the meaning of war and of sacrifice. The few conditions in the December examination lists bear evidence to this earnestness. The year 1915 will mean much to all of us, and may mean many long hours in the trenches for a great number, as well as anxious hearts at home. And what should be our attitude but a determination to do our duty, cost what it may, a determination born of an implicit faith in the ultimate victory of the good, the triumph of right?



There is a movement on foot in several quarters to publish a University Year Book. Last year the *United College Year Book*, the first venture of *A University Year Book* the kind, appeared in the theatre of our College life, and its appearance was greeted with approval and admiration.

We can heartily commend the broader and more comprehensive idea of a University Year Book. It is bound to come, and, if the financial condition is such as to warrant its publication this year, we anticipate for it the unbounded success which it deserves. To compile a large volume involves a great deal of work. Happily this may be distributed among a large number. Normally, preparations would have been begun early in the fall, but this year it has not been so. We expect to hear of a meeting for the organization or reorganization of an Undergraduate Students' Council within a few days, and the pressure, owing to the short time now left, demands speedy attention to this most important matter.

It would be folly, indeed, for any individual College to try to publish such a book. A large and complete

volume, including all Colleges and Faculties involves a greater effort, but it insures a larger circulation and is turned out as a finished product of much greater value at practically the same cost per copy. Let us get together on this, if it is undertaken at this late date, and make it a success; or, if the financial stringency prevents, let us wait till 1916 and put out something worthy of our University.



The Reading Room is already in use. A large, bright location has been secured at 314 *Boyd Building*, and, thanks to the generosity of the *The Reading Room Again* University, has been decorated and furnished. The Council has voted \$350.00 towards the furnishing and rent of the Club Room, and has made it possible for all University men to have a club home in the centre of the city. This is only a temporary arrangement for the spring months and points to larger things next year. There is one way, however, in which the Students must show their appreciation of this provision of the Council, and that is by using the room to the limit. It is furnished completely, and is as neat and "homey" a spot as you will find in Winnipeg.

Owing to this being but a temporary location, and an attempt to discover whether the Students really wanted better Club facilities, the University felt that it could not sink more than the \$350.00 in the project; and has left us with a necessary outlay of about \$125.00 for the purchase of rugs, drapes, coat rack, rent of piano, telephone, and for magazines, etc. The committee have proceeded to do this, and to meet the outlay, have placed a nominal fee of 50 cents for membership. This is, indeed, very small in proportion to the privileges enjoyed; and it is left to the honor of every University Student to pay up his membership fee, thus supporting the action of the committee in charge; as well as to use the room, thus expressing his gratitude to the University authorities, and giving proof of the necessity for better Club and locker accommodation which we are anticipating in the near future.

Don't knock; boost our University.



A very interesting letter was received from a well-known and popular College man in Winnipeg circles, *A Letter From the Front* who has gone to the front with the 100th Grenadiers. I refer to Mr. M. K. DuVal. It is the first letter we have received from the boys in the First Contingent, and we have secured permission to publish it.

Pte. No. 21356, C Co., 11th Batt.  
Bulford Camp,  
England.

Dear Hurd:

Your letter inquiring into the life and duties of the Canadian men now on active service, received last week. It may be of interest to you to know what we have done since we left Winnipeg, so I will try to write in a rough private's way.

It was the 24th August that the Winnipeg Grenadiers assembled at headquarters on Main Street for

the purpose of entraining for Valcartier, where, in Quebec's varied climate, we were to train preparatory to our leaving for England. At 1.45 in the afternoon we went through a thorough kit inspection, and at 2 o'clock the band struck up a lively tune as we marched to the Union station. It was 2.30 when we were *comfortably* seated in Colonist cars, and beginning to realize that we were now leaving home for a period unknown. Men were detailed at nights to parade the aisles of the cars. So you see our picket duty started the first night out of Winnipeg.

The next morning we arrived in Fort William and were allowed to take a little march down town. Goodness knows everyone enjoyed it. We were not used to such "comfortable" beds as colonist car seat slats, and a little airing meant so much to us. By night we had not the strength to smile or frown, for we had had only one meal—if it could be called such.

The next morning we arose in accordance with early Army Regulations, and were very pleased to be served with some half-cooked oatmeal; but the real pleasing news was given to us by the Orderly Officer when he announced that we were to have another meal that day. Thus the days passed till we arrived at Valcartier.

Thursday, the 27th August, we were ordered to put on our equipment and detrain. After a two or three mile walk through sandy dust we arrived in the camping valley, and proceeded to erect our new homes. Early that night, being quite accustomed to going without anything to eat, we lay down on the ground and fell asleep.

Friday we were allowed to roam and "size up" our new camp. As the boys were very hungry, they strolled away in batches and searched for canteens. It certainly was funny to see the fellows jumping over one another in their eagerness to get to the counter, where ham sandwiches and pork pies were sold. Later in the day it rained heavily, and by the next morning little streams were rushing either past or through our tents. The day advanced and still nothing to eat but a piece of bread, but all were happy. When night came the fellows started their own little concerts. Imagine from ten to eighteen men in a small bell tent, with their heads to the side and their feet to the centre pole, shouting and smoking, singing and yelling.

Now we come to our first Sunday in camp. It was this day that we commenced duties. So before telling you what we had to do I had better explain what equipment we have, and how we use it. The most important item is the eating, but we had very little of this to do. Breakfast consisted of a square inch of bacon and tea *demi-tasse*. Our cook-houses were outdoor affairs, so the cooks were not able to really show what fine specimens they were; but it really did not matter how tough or raw that chew of bacon was as long as there was enough of it! Really, there was more than enough discontent *re* the meals. Eight men were detailed daily from each company, who marched to the base of supplies, where a dixie was handed to each. These dixies were carried to where the company was lined up in single file with their mess tins in

their hands, waiting for their daily ration. Often the tea was used for washing the mess tins, showing that there was enough bacon to make a grease spot on the canteen cover. The men detailed to go for the dixies are known as Mess Orderlies. We are quite used to taking tea without cream or sugar now.

The noon meal consists of skilly—boiled beef soup—and the evening meal of bread and cheese.

Canteens are beginning to sprout up, and soon we shall be able to buy our own grub.

Now, leaving conditions at meal time to your imagination, let us advance to the next important branch—the sleeping proposition. Each man has three blankets and one waterproof sheet. The waterproof sheet is stretched on the bare ground to keep the dampness from the blankets which lie above it. The usual way of two so-called wise soldiers is to put their blankets together, making six, and sleep together. That will allow two blankets as a mattress and four above you. Each morning the blankets are shaken, folded and placed outside the tent flap for an airing.

To come back now to our first Sunday in camp—the day we first started to work. In the morning we went to the rifle range and spent the day in target practice at 100 yards. Each succeeding day was spent in either company drill, rifle practice or sham battles.

All the work of the camp must be done by us—guarding of horses, known as "horse picket"; guarding of battalion lines, known as "quarter guard," etc. All guarding is on twenty-four hour shifts, each man being two hours on duty and four hours off. There are also fatigue duties, such as scavenging, pioneering, carpentering, trench digging, carrying quartermaster's stores, etc. These are not eagerly looked forward to by the average private.

Rumors are continually on the go around camp. When we were ordered to move we did not know whether we were to be landed in England, France or Egypt. We sailed from Quebec on the first day of October, and re-formed up in Gaspé Bay in three squadron lines. In mass we were thirty-two strong, with cruisers on all sides of us. Thus on Saturday, the third day of October, we steamed out of the bay en route for the aforesaid unknown. Cheers went up from every deck as the Canadian coast line became dimmer and dimmer. Seasickness started that day.

This takes us out to sea, and I must now close. Hoping this will be of some interest,

I am, sincerely yours,

PTE. M. K. DUVAL.

#### WHERE THE FIGHT IS STRONG

It is great to be out where the fight is strong,  
To be where the heaviest troops belong,  
And to fight there for man and God!  
Oh, it seams the face and it tires the brain,  
It strains the arm till one's friend is pain,  
In the fight for man and God.  
But it's great to be out where the fight is strong,  
To be where the heaviest troops belong,  
And to fight there for man and God.

—Maltbie D. Babcock



# EXCHANGE AND REVIEW



Dr. Taylor states that over a certain private school in China may be read the sign: "The English language taught as far as the letter G."

—*McMaster Monthly.*



## "SOME KID"

The Spanish Armada was the daughter of the King of Spain. She married the red-headed son of Charles I.—*The School Room.*

—*Almaflian.*



## OH TEMPUS! OH MORES!

Backward, fly backward, O time in thy flight;  
Give me a girl whose skirts are not tight;  
Give me a girl whose charms, many or few,  
Wears modest gowns that the sun can't shine through.

—*Almaflian.*



She—Oh, Fred, dear, you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every man I meet, I just can't help loving you. Now what do you see in plain little me to admire?

He—Oh, I don't know, dear; but you have very good judgment.—*Truth.*



## THE COLOR LINE

It's strange, but no less true, that the morning after you have painted the town *red* and encountered *green* snakes, there seems to be a *blue* atmosphere about you; you have a *dark brown* taste in your mouth and a *black* eye!—*Coyote.*



## WHAT A MISTAKE

"I should have been named Reflection," groaned a battered tramp, as he tightened the belt around his hollow waist. "I find there is more food for reflection in this life than anything else."—*Western University Gazette.*



## WHAT OTHER COLLEGES ARE DOING

The Oxford of today is vastly different from any other Oxford that ever was. Instead of the time-honored proctor's "bulldog," a sentry with fixed bayonet keeps guard. Where anxious students once crowded around the results board in the hallway, now there are fearful women and children studying the hospital bulletins. The examination school building is now an army hospital, and in place of the white tie

and cap and gown of the undergraduate, the Red Cross and khaki are the accredited dress. Old buildings with their green and grey quadrangles, narrow stairs and isolated rooms are strangely quiet. Many of the younger dons are off with the army. The thousand men of the Officers' Training Corps are on active service. The hundred Rhodes scholars from the British colonies have enlisted. Little academic work is being done, and there are eighteen hundred fewer undergraduates than usual. The colleges are suffering a serious financial loss, which will probably reach £100,000 a year, and already the salaries of the dons have been reduced by 25 per cent. —*The Argosy.*



"Other papers all remind us  
We can make our own sublime,  
If our fellow-schoolmates send us  
Contributions all the time."

—*Brandon College Quill.*



Professor of Chemistry—If anything should go wrong in this experiment, we and the laboratory with us might be blown skyhigh! Come closer, gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow me.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*



## ODE TO LATIN

All the people dead who wrote it;  
All the people dead who spoke it;  
All the people die who learn it;  
Blessed death! They surely earn it.

—*Orange and Black.*



## POOR FRESHIE!

Where did you come from, Freshie, dear?  
Out of the fifth grade into here.  
How did you like it, sweet little one?  
If I'd stay with my ma I'd have more fun.  
What do you do—from 9 to 4?  
I just sit and wish the day were o'er.  
Who takes care of you, innocent child?  
None but the faculty, tender, mild.  
What do they teach you, poor little dear?  
They teach us to scratch for the Sophomore Year!

—Ex.



What was Washington's last address?  
"Heaven."—Ex.



The happiest miser on earth is the one who saves every friend he can make.—Ex.



## HOCKEY

*Medicals 15, Wesley 2*

Intercollegiate Hockey was opened up this year by the Med. team administering a bad drubbing to the Wesley seven. The Medical team is practically a new one, but the boys showed speed in this their first game, and a few more practices will round them into good shape. The Wesley team is rather weak, and it was only rarely that their forwards were able to break through the Medical defence.

The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Medicals</i>		<i>Wesley</i>
Wilson	Goal	Reedman
Coppenger	Point	Cuddy
Ritchie	Coverpoint	Cross
Herbert	Rover	McKenzie
C. McRae	Centre	Jobin
Alexander	Right Wing	McLean
McCharles	Left Wing	Wright

## CURLING

The interest taken in this grand old game is steadily increasing among University men, as is shown by the various Faculty competitions and the organization of the Intercollegiate Curling Association for its second season. The Medical boys with their sixteen rinks have been filling the Civic rinks with their cries of "Soop 'er up," while the 'Varsity boys are keeping the ice well swept at the Thistle. The Lawyers have enthusiastically taken up the game and have just finished a very interesting bonspiel.

The Intercollegiate series is also under way, and indications point to a more enthusiastic, if slightly shorter, series. The following officers were elected for this season:

Patrons—J. T. Haig, Prof. W. Tier, Dr. Gordon Bell.

Chaplain—Dr. Christie.

President—G. L. Cousley.

Vice-President—J. H. Sibbald.

Secretary-Treasurer—J. McKenzie.

Executive—Law: J. Sutherland. Med.: F. J. Stewart. 'Varsity: W. V. Tobias.

The games for the first series will be played at 2 and 4 o'clock p.m. Saturdays, at the Granite rink.:

Saturday, 9th—Meds. vs. 'Varsity; Law vs. Agriculture.

Saturday, 16th—Meds. vs. Law; 'Varsity vs. Agriculture.

Saturday, 23rd—Law vs. 'Varsity; Meds. vs. Agriculture.

## LAW BONSPIEL

Christmas week saw the opening of this bonspiel, and thanks to the committee it has been a marked success despite the short notice given to enter the rinks. Curling is a sport in which all can engage, and the sixty-four students and lawyers who took part enjoyed every minute of the game. The students were glad to see a member of the Bench skipping a rink,



BIRK'S BONSPIEL TROPHY

and Judge Paterson was as enthusiastic as the youngest student there. Messrs. Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., very kindly donated a cup for annual competition, and also individual prizes, while Chevrier & Co. are giving second prizes. To the winners of the Consolation event the Kensington Clothing Store are giving prizes.

The results from the eights are as follows:

Tench	7	Johnstone	9	Johnstone	12
Johnstone	11	{			
Sutherland	12	Sutherland	7		
Simmonds	10				
Guild	7				
Haig	14	Haig	10		
McMillan	9				
Sibbald	13	Sibbald	14	Sibbald	9



# THE COLLEGE GIRL

## THE LOCAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA

That corner drug-store! I went to the corner drug-store the other day. No, there is nothing particularly astonishing about that, but it is strange to think that a drug-store owner can live on any stray profits he happens to make.

First, a tall woman, dressed entirely in black, entered. Yes, she entered; she did not simply come in. She swept majestically up to the counter, and glanced at the clerk as one would at a worm on a fishhook.

"Will you kindly let me have the correct time?" she queried with an air of aloofness.

"Five minutes to two," was the reply, spoken to her back. She did not even thank him, but calmly set her watch while she stared through the window.

As she opened the door to pass out, a tall man, accompanied by a small and very muddy black dog, sidled in. "Say, kin you tell me what date it is? My wife says it's the twelfth, 'n I say it's the eleventh."

After being told and shown the calendar to prove the answer, he stopped and discussed how he and his wife had come to make the mistake. As a matter of fact, it was the tenth of the month. He shuffled out, holding the door open to wait for the dog, which had stolen a long stick of licorice from the candy counter.

The store was quiet, in a business sense, for maybe five minutes. Then a little girl rushed in. "Sa-a-y," she drawled, "when do pussy-willows bloom?" The clerk was not sure, and the child turned away, pausing long enough to say: "I was going to buy some stamps, but I shall do all my trading where I can find out a simple little thing when I want to."

The clerk smiled feebly and turned to wait on the old lady who had come in. "I want some change for this dollar," she asserted. "And say, I also came in to ask you-all whether a department store is a good place to buy specs. I know you-all don't sell glasses 'n you would not have no reason to tell me wrong."

After receiving the advice asked for, as well as the change for the dollar, she ambled out, stopping on the way to look over the pack of postal cards, to finger the pictures, but not to buy any, you may be sure.

A richly gowned woman stepped from her limousine and entered the store, inquiring for a certain brand of scented toilet soap. "I wish you would put aside a half-dozen cakes for me," she said. "I'm going abroad for a few months and will not need them until I return."

"But, madam, why have such a small order put aside? We always carry the soap in stock."

"Yes, I know; but the tariff on imported soap has been raised and I want to be sure of getting it at the old price." And she swept out to her car.

A miserly old man was the next. He stopped and gazed at the picture postals. The druggist stepped forward and waited. "How much be them postals?" bleated the ancient customer, although the sign was in plain view. "Three for five," patiently responded the clerk. "Well, I only want to buy one. Will that be a cent?" Upon being answered in the negative he walked out in high dudgeon.

A fluffy young girl minced in, leading a toy poodle. "Come, mother's lamb," she murmured, as she waited for it to trot through the open door. Gliding up to the counter, she asked for some stamped newspaper wrappers. When they were handed to her, she contemplated the clerk reproachfully. "Won't you please wrap them?" she gurgled. "I do hate to take off my gloves, and I can't tie a good knot." When the unprofitable wrappers had been concealed she flitted out, dragging the poodle after her.

There were muddy dog-tracks all over the marble floor, and the clerk wiped them away with a woollen mop. While he was finishing I also ambled out, because my car was coming. I felt rather sorry for that poor drug store man; but did I buy anything? Oh, no, I was merely waiting until a man and two women ahead of me were through using the telephone.

(Miss) M. G. ANGUS, *Pharmacy*.

## A COSSACK AND A GIPSY\*

A young Cossack on horseback  
Riding through the Steppet  
Met a Gipsy who was running  
Very fast and crying for help.

—What's the matter?—said the Cossack.  
—Why are you afraid?  
"O my lord, today I saw  
A hundred wolves, not very far away!"  
—It is nonsense!—said the Cossack.  
If the wolves were here,  
My companion would have scented them;  
And what do you think of me?  
"O, excuse me, if not a hundred  
At least there were fifty."  
—Not so many—said the latter;  
You greatly mistake me.  
"Very well! say only twenty,  
Or only ten, was that not a danger?"  
—Impossible!—said the Cossack,  
And I don't believe you.  
"Well, if only one was there  
Is that not sufficient  
To terrify the bravest man  
If he only sees him?"  
—Yes, it is sufficient—said the Cossack,  
But I can't believe you yet.  
"Well, but what was that running  
In the furrow, with eyes like grains of poppy  
And a tail that resembled thread?"

*Translated from the Literature of the Cossacks by  
S. T., St. Boniface College.*

\* Gipsy is a tribe of Europe that resembles our Indians.  
† Steppe is the plain of Atkraine, southern Russia, on both banks of the Dnieper River, the Kingdom of the Cossacks.

## DEBATING RULES

1. Participants must be strictly occupied men, who cannot start preparing until the day before the debate is to be held.

2. Crookedness in getting matter is no obstruction. You may do anything, from stealing a book from the Reference Library to stealing your opponent's speech.

3. Before commencing to speak, assure everybody that they are going to hear the best debate ever presented.

4. Whisper the names of the judges you want to your opponents for them to name, so that in case you do not like their decision you can kick freely.

5. Read out or memorize all passages which you think will not be noticed and skip over bad argument in a low voice. The judges do not take talent into account anyway.

6. While giving your speech, joke freely with the audience. By all means you must impress your audience by keeping them in good humor.

7. Every time you touch upon a point which you think has to do with the debate, wake up the judges and bring it to their attention.

8. Don't let the disorder of the audience disturb you. Disorder of audiences is also one of the debating rules.



9. When the judge calls your time up, complain vehemently, and ask for the usual "just two minutes more."

10. In the rebuttal, do not argue or contradict any of the opposition's statements. Devote this important time to criticizing their speeches, also to working the judges into a state of wakefulness.

11. While the judges are counting up, be sure to receive the congratulations of your friends on winning. You might not receive them afterward. Also give your opponents your honest sympathy.

12. If the judges' decision is in the other side's favor, they are prejudiced and don't know how to judge; if it is in your favor, then you are a good speaker.

P. Wald, '18.

"Everyone knows the steps of a lawyer's career—he tries in turn to get on, to get honor, to get honest."

## BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

Some writers, like Ibsen, seem to disappear behind their work. With Björnson it was different. He did not stand remote from life, observing it with an ascetic eye; he was part of it himself and a very lively part. Ibsen concentrated all his efforts toward a single point of attack—the modern drama. Björnson, on the other hand, aimed always at covering the whole front line of human progress. Wherever he saw the spirit of man struggling to rise above its present level, there he had to give help. In doing so he used his art frankly, as a means to an end. It is indeed a miracle that he has proven himself the great and exquisite artist that he is.

In some quarters it was long the fashion to praise his poetry while regretting his activity as a reformer, patriot and moralist. Yet this meant a denial of all that Björnson really stood for. He was first of all a teacher and fighter and prophet—then a moulder of beautiful forms. To him the form was always subordinate to the spirit, art to life. His passion for truth, for cleanliness of soul, for the binding of man to man by ties of love instead of force, colored his written and spoken words, his public action and private life, and actuated his whole being. For this faith he fought untiringly during sixty years. He placed his whole mighty personality against every form of oppression, whether exercised upon individuals, classes or nations.

The son of a country minister, he sprang from a long line of peasant forefathers. In the heart of the country, among the peasants, he was born and reared. Throughout his life he was always in contact with nature and the mass of common men. To his ancestry and upbringing must be traced his lifelong faith in modern democracy. To the same source must also be attributed that vitality that seemed inexhaustible and which made his antipathies as well as his sympathies nearly irresistible. To come near him, or even to read his printed words, sufficed to make one conscious of the wonderful power that emanated from him and that drew other men to him as the magnet draws steel.

During the first years of his literary activity Björnson wrote his famous peasant stories. Such tales as "Arne" and "A Happy Boy" have perhaps as wide an appeal as anything else Björnson wrote. During the fifties and sixties, however, Björnson's activities increased tenfold. To consider what he tried to do and actually did during those years is like looking into a dream-world unaffected by ordinary human limitations. There was not a movement afoot or a public question raised that he did not discuss in speech and writing. He was newspaper editor and contributor, theatrical director and playwright, political agitator and leader, poet and novelist—all at the same time and in bewildering alternation.

In the seventies, however, his life took on a new aspect. Silent forces were at work within him. In quick succession he produced eight modern plays, each one of which cut to the heart of some vital question. In "The Editor" he dealt with the self-seeking free-booters who, without any sense of social responsibility, are so frequently in control of newspapers. "The

"Bankrupt" and "The New System" attacked and exposed the commercial spirit, the passion for speculation and unearned gains; the falseness and shallowness of so-called "social life." In "The Bankrupt," particularly, he succeeded in creating a genuine home atmosphere. This intense feeling for home and home ties asserts itself in all of Björnson's work. It was part of his nature. In "The King" he pictured the blighting effect of the monarchical convention, not upon the people, but upon the monarch himself. In "A Gauntlet" he first dared to deny the need of a double standard of morality for men and women. Like Ibsen and Comte, he believed that the future of the race rested largely with the classes hitherto kept away from public affairs—that is, with women and workmen.

His last years were singularly happy. The celebration of his seventieth anniversary engaged the attention of the whole world. In 1903 he was given the Nobel prize for literature. What occupied his mind more than anything else during this period of his life was probably the idea of universal peace, with its attendant substitution of arbitration for war. To him it seemed clear that such an idea could never become materialized except through the reformation of all inter-national and inter-racial relationships on a basis of mutual sympathy. He demanded national cleanliness and righteousness, just as in his dramas he demanded those virtues of the individual. In the pursuit of these ideals he became the fearless champion of all human groups held in subjugation to some stronger faction. Time and again he took up his pen on behalf of the Finlanders against Russia, of the Slovaks against Hungary, of the Danes and the Poles against Prussia. Nothing could better prove his sincerity and courage than that his defence of these suffering nationalities was undertaken at a time when his own country was greatly in need of moral support of the countries he attacked.

He died in April, 1910, in Paris, where for some years he had spent his winters, and was buried at home with every mark of honor and regret, a Norwegian warship having been sent to convey his remains back to his own land.

It is rather surprising that his plays, so much more genial, more confident, more "comfortable" than those of Ibsen, are so little known on our stage. During her American tour about the year 1900, Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave a few performances of "Beyond Human Power," and at other times various upifters of the stage have acted "The Newly Married Couple" and "The Gauntlet." As a whole, however, he is comparatively unknown. "The Bankrupt," which made such speedy success and which received such great acclamation in all the theatrical centres of Europe, is as yet untouched here. To the University Dramatic Society will fall the honor of first producing this play in Canada. They are certainly to be commended, not only for introducing Winnipeg audiences to Björnson, but also for having chosen a play which, being intensely human, combines those qualities of humor and pathos which we find in true life, and which will hold an audience absorbed through four acts and stir them to real enthusiasm.

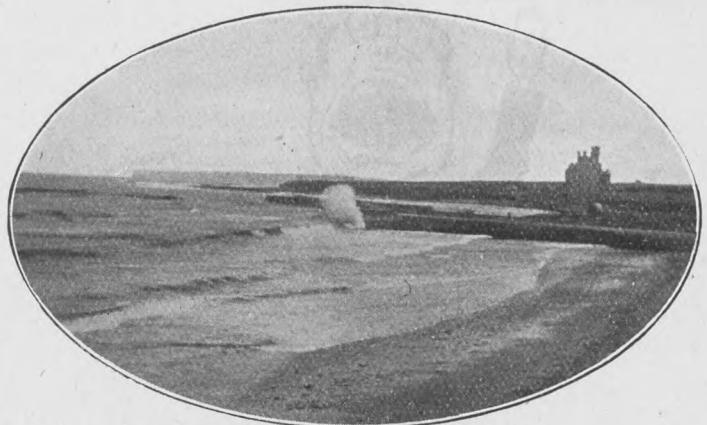
S. L. MAN.

### THURSO BAY

To most people, Thurso Bay is like a cipher on a clean sheet of paper, but those who have visited her have, one and all, maintained that, for beauty of situation, for cliff scenery and expanse of sea, she is second to none. Indeed, travellers who have seen Naples accord the palm to the former when lost in admiration over her varying moods and phases; while sailors who have seen well-nigh every quarter of the globe are loud in their praises, emphatically asserting that she easily stands first among all the bays and firths the world over.

Thurso Bay is the most northerly inlet on the north coast of Scotland, and about twenty miles from the historic John o' Groats, on the shores of the wild Pentland Firth; bounded on east and west by bold, rocky promontories eight miles apart, and with the island of Hoy twenty miles further north, she is almost an inland loch. These rugged headlands with cliffs 400 feet high formed of red sandstone, glint like burnished gold in the sunshine. Blended with the blue sky above, the deeper blue of the ocean, the green grass carpeting the well-kept crofts, and the sparkle of the firm, clean, silvery beach, the picture is an exquisite one. "Admiration feeding at the eye, and, still unsated, dwells upon the scene."

In the early morning, light of heart, we set out for



THURSO BAY

Holborn Head. Here we pass the lighthouse built by the father of Robert Louis Stevenson. There has been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lies white on the grass as we climb upwards to our selected point of observation. The sun has risen in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellows as it advances into one of those delightful days in early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of what is coming in the summer. There is not a cloud in the sky nor a ripple on the water, and the masts of the schooners and yachts at anchor are as motionless in the calm as if traced on canvas. Looking southward a mile or two along the coast, can be seen thin columns of smoke ascending from the various villas and residences for more than a hundred yards, straight as the line of a plummet, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spreading out like the foliage of some stately tree. Dunnet Head lies to the east with its lighthouse, and adjacent to it the Marconi station, with its tall mast, both clearly defined against the sky. The hills of Hoy are still white with the unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined as if their blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. Above, all is white; below, all green and purple.

By the aid of our telescope can be detected another

lighthouse some twenty miles east, yet another evidence of the wildness of this coastline with its danger to shipping. Away down beneath our eminence the Atlantic flows east, at eight to ten knots an hour, unchecked until it meets at John o' Groats the German Ocean flowing west. This "meeting of the waters" is known as "The Men o' Mey," where on the calmest day can be seen a strip of foam writhing and twisting like a serpent, and extending from the coast till lost to view on the northern horizon. (Imagine its lion-like majesty and awe-inspiring grandeur in a winter's hurricane!) As the wind rises, the ocean is continuously changing its aspect, while steamers, yachts and trading vessels are sailing east and west.

We now turn homewards, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that our landscape view may afford us pleasant contemplation for many a future day and hour.

A. SINCLAIR.

### A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

(Scene—A grocery store)

(Merchant is discovered sitting behind his counter playing checkers with his clerk. The advertising solicitor for THE MANITO BAN enters, apparently in a hurry.)

Merchant—It's my move, Bill. Wait a minute. Anything you want?

Solicitor—Like to see you a few moments, sir, if you are not too busy.

(Merchant makes two moves, crowns one of clerk's kings and comes forward.)

Merchant—Well?

Solicitor—I want to talk to you a little about advertising. We are going to get out an edition of 1,000 copies—

Merchant—Copies of what?

Solicitor—THE MANITO BAN.

Merchant—I don't advertise. Say, Bill, you moved that man.

Bill—No, I didn't.

(Telephone rings.)

Merchant—Excuse me a minute. (Goes to phone.) Hello! No, we have no biscuits. Got some good cod-fish and clothes pins, though. Good-bye.

Merchant—Now, Bill, it's my move, remember? I've got three kings and you haven't got but two. (Sits down at checker board.)

Solicitor—Excuse me a minute; I—

Merchant (rising)—Oh, to be sure. I don't know a man named Tobin, but—

Solicitor—THE MANITO BAN, you mean. I want you to advertise in the paper.

Merchant—Oh! advertise my business. I don't want any; costs too much.

Solicitor (with deadly calm)—Say, it won't cost you a cent to get an ad. in for your business. Obituary notices are free. Come around and see us. (Goes out.)

Merchant takes off his coat and catches three of clerk's men in one jump.

BY GOSH.



WE SHALL HAVE MUSIC AT THE CLUB

### USE THE CLUB ROOM—GET THE HABIT

Go to the Club when you're down town—

Get the Habit.

When you meet Tom, Bill or John, this is the neatest place around—

Get the Habit.

Drop into the Room when you've an hour to spare—

Get the Habit.

The latest news, you'll find it there—

Get the Habit.

Journals, magazines, war books, too, just up the stair—

Get the Habit.

Should sweet music stir your soul, tickle the ivories; you'll come out whole—

Get the Habit.

If a letter you wish to write, use the Club Room; do it right—

Get the Habit.

When you wish to ring a fair one, use the telephone, call a rare one—

Get the Habit.

For all these privileges, together with much good fellowship, are found at the *University Reading Room*, 314 Boyd Building.

Pay your fee to your class President. It is only 50c, and will not break anyone. Show that you appreciate good company, and use the Room regularly. Any student may join. Do it now! Support your University. Get the habit!

Prof. Melvin—"The ancients piled stones upon the graves of murderers, and the like, to keep their evil spirits down."

Waite—"Isn't it strange that the tombs of bishops have much heavier stones than others?"

**THE GOLDEN RULE**

The First Year boys no longer now  
Come in at half-past nine;  
Prof. Gane revised the Golden Rule,  
Which brings them up to line.

"My boys," said he, "it will not do  
To come in late this way;  
Brace up and always come on time:  
That's how to start the day."

"Moreover, now I make this law,  
That whosoever more  
Will still come late without excuse  
Will quick be shown the door."

So now no longer late they come;  
It's done a world of good;  
Perhaps it will help some of us  
To earn a livelihood. C. A. Rose.

**FIRST YEAR LAW**

The first year law students are the Raw Recruits of the legal profession. They form a company of about seventy strong, under the command of the Principal of the Manitoba Law School, Dr. R. P. Hills. The act of 1912 providing for the admission of women to the bar of the province has encouraged five of the so-called weaker sex to attend the lectures: Two of the lady students are in their final year at the University, two are articled students-at-law, and the other one intends to be articled soon.

The students regard the establishment of a permanent Law School with satisfaction. The lectures delivered by Dr. Hills, Mr. A. T. Hawley and Mr. R. F. McWilliams not only illuminate and breathe the breath of life into the prosy and oft-times dull text books, but they are intensely interesting. The morale of the class is excellent. Large numbers of the students have never missed a lecture since the opening of the term, and this is indeed a compliment to the lecturers, when one recalls that the compulsory attendance is only 70 per cent. The class as a whole have a well-developed bump of humor—and frequently leading cases are cited which illustrate the point and provoke a ripple of quiet laughter.

One evening recently Dr. Hills was impressing the difference between *non-feasance* and *misfeasance* on an attentive class. "If I ought to attend a lecture and I neglect to do so, that is *nonfeasance*," said the doctor; and at that moment a student who finds it difficult to attend the morning lectures crossed the threshold.

There is one great lack which several of the students have deplored. It is the absence of an opportunity for becoming acquainted with one's fellow students. We take our places a few minutes before roll call, and at the conclusion of the lecture forty minutes later everyone hastens off to the court house, the office or the University. Apparently no one ever has occasion to address a few words to anyone else beyond the gentleman who occupies the next seat. It would be gratifying to even be able to recognize one's classmates when

one passes them on the street. Perhaps there is an organizing genius in the first year class who will point out some manner in which we can at least learn to identify each other.

**WITH THE STUDENT SETTLEMENT WORKERS**

The Y.M.C.A. Intercollegiate House is situated at 250 Austin Street, in the heart of Winnipeg's foreign population, midway between the Sutherland Avenue and Stella Avenue Institutes, where most of the work is done. The various colleges are well represented: G. Wannup (Medical), W. Morris, E. Roberts and C. Lovatt (Wesley), J. L. Briggs and E. Snyder ('Varsity), and J. T. Gawthorp ('Toba) constituting the staff. Miss L. Brine capably and efficiently performs the duties of housekeeper.

The variety of work to be done affords scope for all kinds of talent, besides giving an excellent opportunity to study social conditions at close range. Some are leaders of "boys' clubs"; others teach foreigners in English at the Selkirk Y.M.C.A. and the Institutes above named. Classes are also held in several boarding houses in the vicinity. Under the direction of Mr. Morris forty men, drawn from the various colleges, are doing very effective work along this line.

On Sunday afternoon the Settlement workers have charge of the service at the Winnipeg Coffee House, where a simple, direct service is given. The attendance is always good, and the work being done much appreciated by the management and men, whose lives are brightened a little thereby.

In such a way, and by living in the midst of the people, the students are endeavoring to better the social condition of those about them. They are giving help to those less fortunate, but they find that all they give flows back with increasing measure, and they know that new power and force is being accumulated which will be of the greatest service to them in their life work.

J. T. G.

**"BROKE"—THE WHY OF IT**

Brother, pause!  
Ascertain the cause  
Why my bank account is thin as gauze.  
I built a house; and the law protects  
All deddley-dad-blamed architects.  
Mine said: "So much;  
Not an extra touch."  
But my plumbing bill would affright the Dutch.  
The brick went up; I was fierce and wild,  
But the blithering architect only smiled.

J. H. M., in *Collier's*.

**IT'S A LONG BILL WE'LL HAND HIM**

It's a long bill we'll hand the Kaiser,  
It's a long bill he'll owe;  
It's a long bill we'll hand the Kaiser  
For the debt of Belgian woe.  
Good-bye, Brussels' war tax,  
Farewell, Antwerp's, too;  
It's a long, long bill we'll hand the Kaiser,  
And it's nearly due!

—ANON.

## DESPOND NOT

Despond not! though times be bale,  
And baleful be,  
Though winds blow stout, a hurricale  
What's that, what's that to you and me?

Despond not! begone such fears,  
Non parlez vous?  
He'll whisper music in thy ear  
Nuts, nuts, to you.

Despond not! for shame such speak  
Aloft, aloft!  
But whistle low, with peakered beak,  
Soft, Soft, despond not!

P. G. H., '16.

## THE UNIVERSITY SERMON

On Sunday morning, Jan. 10, in the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium, Mr. Chas. G. Hounshell, who has spent many years in Korea, and is now travelling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke on "*Christianity Adequate to a World Need*," choosing as his text:—"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water which I shall give him shall never thirst."—John iv: 13, 14.

It had been his privilege, he said, to study a number of the great philosophies of all ages, Confucianism, Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism, but none of these had adequately dealt with the problem of sin. Christ alone could say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," and brought a message that met the inmost longings of the hearts of men. The speaker drew generously on the wealth of illustrations where the transforming power of the indwelling Christ had re-made men, and ended with a strong appeal that every student who had not already done so should test that power in his own life, and impressed strongly the burden that lies on us to carry the message to the foreign lands.

In the afternoon Mr. Hounshell spoke at Agricultural College.

## THE MEDICAL BANQUET

Dec. 18th saw the Medicals and Dr.'s of the city assembled at the Royal Alexandra Hotel for the thirty-second annual banquet of the Medical Students' Association. This has always been one of the big events of the College life, looked forward to by students and doctors alike, and it was as successful as ever.

At 8.30 about one hundred and twenty-five doctors and embryo-doctors entered the banquet hall, and, immediately, care and worry were things of the past. The student forgot his studies and examinations; the doctor laid aside his troubles and everybody joined in the onset on the good things before them. Dissection was followed by ingestion, and ingestion by absorption. Proteins, fats and carbohydrates were in the proper ratios and the nitrogen equivalent was correct. Turkey, the German's ally, was singled out for special attention.

H. K. Groff, President of the Students' Association, occupied the chair, and acted as toast-master. On either side he was supported by the Dean, Dr. Chown,

the Registrar, Dr. Popham, and by the different members of the Faculty. The toast list was a long one, but with so many good speakers, no one found it so.

The toasts with the names of the proposer and responder, are as follows:

"The Country"—J. A. McKenzie and Dr. Halpenny.  
"The Allies"—C. E. Scribner and Dr. D. S. Mackay.  
"The Faculty"—T. B. Brandon and Prof. Gibson.  
"The University"—W. F. Abbott and Prof. F. Allen.  
"The Ladies"—W. G. Rutherford and Dr. Harvey Smith.  
"The Sister Professions"—M. S. Lougheed and Dr. D. L. Brown.  
"The Graduates"—C. H. Aylen and Dr. Gordon Bell.  
"The Graduating Class"—A. M. Clare and W. R. Gorrell.

Vocal and instrumental music by Mr. Paul Bardal and Mr. Frederick Dolman added to the general enjoyment.

The elaborate and artistic menu card was in itself an entertainment. Cartoons of members of the Faculty; clinical bulls, humorous and otherwise, classical quotations, and student wit caused many a smile.

W. A. M.

## LETTERS FROM SALISBURY

Letters received from students at Salisbury Plains seem to confirm the report that the climatic conditions are not all that could be desired, but, taking everything into consideration, they are content with their lot and eager for the fray. We had a letter from one student who stated that he had gained 22 pounds since he arrived in England. Another well-known student thoughtlessly spoke to a commissioned officer, who had the culprit sentenced to 24 hours in the detention camp for this grave offence.

B. W. BRIDGEMAN

## GOODS RETURNED

Once an old darky visited a doctor and was given definite instructions as to what he should do. Shaking his head, he started to leave the office, when the doctor said:

"Here, Rastus, you forgot to pay me."  
"Pay yo for what, boss?"  
"For my advice," replied the doctor.  
"Naw, suh; naw, suh; I ain't gwine take it," and Rastus shuffled out.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*.

MEL. SAYER  
FOR  
SIGNS

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WORK UNEXCELLED  
HIGHEST PRICES

# Around the Campus

## COMING EVENTS

**Friday, Jan. 15**—Debate—Manitoba College vs. Agriculture College, at Agriculture.

**Friday, Jan. 15—8.30 p.m.**—Varsity Dance, at the Royal Alexandra

**Monday, Jan. 18—8.30 p.m.**—Physics Theatre. Prof. Stoughton will lecture on: "The Architecture of the Renaissance—The Beginning of Modern Culture."

Exchange Lectures—Dean Vernon P. Squires, M.A., Litt. D.

**Monday, Jan. 18—11 a.m.**—Manitoba College Convocation Hall. Public Lecture: "The Outlook for Poetry."

**Tuesday, Jan. 19—11 a.m.**—Physics Theatre. To classes in English: "The Influence of the Bible on English Literature."

**Tuesday, Jan. 19—8.30 p.m.**—Physics Theatre. Popular Lecture: Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

**Friday, Jan. 22—8.00 p.m.**—Inter-Collegiate Debate, Law vs. 'Varsity, at Manitoba Convocation Hall.

**Monday, Jan. 25—8.30 p.m.**—Physics Theatre. Prof. Stoughton will lecture on: "Modern Architecture as a Multiform Expression of Modern Civilization."



P.C.T.'14

## 'VARSITY NOTES

### SOCIAL AND LITERARY

On January 27th, at the Y.M.C.A., the Third Year Arts will present Stanley Houghton's "The Dear Departed." This delightful little farce is a companion play to "Phipps," by the same author, which is at present running with such great success at the Princess Theatre, New York. The enthusiasm which greeted the production of "Over the Hills," by the Seniors assures us that this charming playlet will be welcomed by all.

'Varsity Skating Night has been definitely arranged for Saturday nights at the Auditorium. Special students' tickets may be secured from the Social and Literary representatives of each year.

### 'VARSITY DEBATES

Owing to the heavy programme undertaken this term, the Debating executive have decided to hold only two Interclass debates, which will take place at the meetings of parliament. At the first meeting Fourth Year will meet Third Year on the subject of the "Commission Form of Government for Winnipeg." At the February meeting the Second Year will meet First. The debates will not be confined to the debaters as time will be given for discussion. The government party will support the resolution, while "members of the opposition" will oppose the question. At the close of the debate the house will vote on the issue.

Our first Inter-Collegiate debate is with Law on the 22nd January, at Manitoba College. Miss Rogers and W. E. Collins, 'Varsity, support the negative. Turn out and cheer!

We are sorry to lose A. E. Rose and P. Carruthers, who have returned to Wesley. They are exceptionally good men. John Stott, '16, has been appointed secretary in Mr. Rose's place.

W. W. MCPHERSON.

### SECOND YEAR TITBITS

The Second Year congratulates Nason on showing signs of grace. Micah is a good name in religious circles, but it is unknown in Geology.

It is rumored that Prof. Jolliffe's "small boy" has joined partnership with Buster Brown. For this relief, much thanks.

We do not deny that potassium has an important place, but it was quite unnecessary for Noble to drag in family affairs and write about "Postassium."

New Year Resolutions of a Sophomore:

(1) Never to speak more than six times

on the same subject at the same meeting. (2) Never to fill efficiently more than twelve class positions. (3) Never to write prose until he has perfected his poetry. (N.B.—Time limit, forty-three years.)

### JOKELETS FROM THE '18S

Prof. Menner—Who were the Northmen?

Kelvin Freshman—The children of "Wootten."

Prof. Gane (to McGee, through key-hole of Room D)—No, Mr. McGee, your excuse is not sufficiently ingenious."

### THEY DON'T SPEAK NOW

Miss W-ch-s (to the minister of athletics)—"There are two things I don't like about you, Mr. Campbell; they are your athletic policy and your moustache."

The Honorable—"Oh, don't let that trouble you; you're not likely to come in contact with either of them."



'Varsity Skating at the Aud. Saturday Nights

### NOTES FROM LAW STUDENTS

J. B. Andrews, after many wanderings over this western country, has decided to cast his lot with the lawyers, and is attending First Year lectures.

The Law School lectures reopened on the 4th January.

G. A. E. Bury, who captured first place in the recent Finals, is practising with

Mr. H. W. Whitla, K.C., the firm being known as Whitla & Bury.

J. R. Crawford has opened an office in the McArthur Bldg., and is spending three days a week in the city and the remainder in his brother's office in Beausejour.

Simon Abrahamson, Rhodes Scholar, 1914, registered at Oxford on his arrival in England, but immediately joined a section of the Army Medical Corps and is now in Belgium together with all the Canadian Rhodes scholars.

On Jan. 15, in St. John's College, Law will meet St. John's in the first debate of the season. Louis Morosnik and Kenneth Kennedy will support the affirmative of "Resolved, that the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum would be in the best interests of Canada." On Jan. 22, Law will meet 'Varsity College and debate the following subject: "Resolved, That the present fiscal policy is not in the best interests of Canada." C. K. Guild and L. Grierdon will support the affirmative, and the debate will be held in Manitoba College. Every law student is requested to be present at both debates.

### ENGINEERING NOTES

Is Penrose fond of golden glow?

Richardson is some boy in his new uniform.

Barney was in town the other day and sends regards to the boys.

A. First Year Student—"If I had a nickel for every Sup. I get, I'd be rich for life."

Jerry Murphy has quit Engineering and joined the army. We expect to see him a Lieut.-Col. before the end of the war. Here's good luck to him!

### MANITOBA COLLEGE NOTES

Every Theolog. welcomes Miss Edna Sutherland back to Winnipeg. None of us realized how valuable her lessons were to us until they were withdrawn through her unfortunate illness in China. Spring will soon be here—let us take full advantage of the lectures which Miss Sutherland has prepared for this half session.

Rev. Dr. A. J. Wm. Myers of Toronto is again with us, though a little earlier this year than last. We extend to him and Mrs. Myers our best wishes for the New Year. His course in Religious Education is somewhat similar to that of a year ago, but shows that, busy man as

he is, he finds time in which to reconstruct his lectures and present them in a new and still more attractive way.

#### DEBATE

Theologs! book the date—Jan. 15—Theology *vs.* Agriculture. Our company is small, it is true, but every Theolog. knows how to make it twice as big.

#### ST. JOHN'S NOTES

The college rink has been open for the past two weeks and scrub hockeyists especially are taking advantage of this to round themselves into form for their season's play. The science of slugging, which is an essential qualification to scrubs, seems well instilled into the freshmen. The freshmen, theologues especially, should gallantly uphold their predecessors as regards this feature of the scrub games, so much so in fact that everyone is looking forward to a particularly pleasing and pugnacious season.

#### WESLEY NOTES

Vox seems determined to eclipse all previous records.

A. E. Whitehouse is Wesley's representative on the International Debating Team this year.

M. T. McKelvey has been elected president of the Primary Class in place of E. F. Morrow, who is promoted to Part I.

Wesley students regret very much the illness of Dr. Allison, and we are pleased to learn that he will probably return this week.

A skating party is being arranged for Friday evening, under the auspices of the Lit. Watch the bulletin boards for details.

Bert Simpson, Matric. (translating French on exams.)—La rosée en grosses gouttes étincelait dans les herbes—The rose bushes in large clusters intermingled with the herbs.

"The Munroe Doctrine" will be the subject of the debate between Wesley and "Toba, at Wesley College, on Jan. 29th, when Wesley's debaters will be W. A. Corrothers and P. Webster.

The clicking of many typewriters, which can be heard constantly in the halls, suggests that the boys are getting down to real business, and also indicates the modern spirit which has invaded the historic haunts of learning.

There are some ardent spirits who believe that the introduction of the party system would incite interest, and a bill may be introduced to make this change. This should at least provide a lively debate at the next session.

The College Diary Act comes into operation this term. A diary is provided in the Library, in which all appointments are to be recorded, and it is the duty of those arranging dates for meetings, etc., to consult it so as to avoid unnecessary conflicts.

When Wesley Parliament convenes on the 22nd, some interesting topics will be up for discussion. The design for the College pin will be decided on by a ballot of the house. A number of new members will be introduced. A full dress debate is being arranged by the Debating Society.

The Students' Representative Council has taken up the matter of the University Club or Reading Room. A committee has

been appointed, with the Senior Stick as convener. All Wesley students are eligible for membership on payment of 50 cents. The reading room is 314 Boyd Building.

Our hockey players are by no means discouraged by what happened at the Auditorium last week. As a matter of fact the boys had not even had a practice together. There is some good material in sight, and with a reasonable amount of training there should be something doing.

#### Y.M.C.A NOTES

##### MR. CHARLES G. HOUNSHELL ADDRESSES VOLUNTEERS

Mr. Chas. G. Hounshell, Travelling Secretary for the S. V. M., spoke to the student volunteers and delegates to Kansas City Convention last year, at a supper held at the Y.M.C.A., Friday evening, Jan. 8. Mr. Hounshell said that his return after exactly one year's absence, was the direct result of the war. Mr. R. Buchanan, the Canadian Volunteer Secretary, had enlisted for military service. He then discussed the effect of the war on student and missionary activities, mentioning the great depletion in the secretarial staff in the British Isles, the destruction, practically, of the Volunteer Movement in Germany, and the general financial handicap of the Mission boards the world over.

The opportunities are greater than ever. Mr. Eddy says, in China they are doubled. The burden is on us. "The primary need is for more intercessors." We must give ourselves to prayer secretly and in groups if the cause of Christ is to withstand the present crisis.

##### First Year Conference.

On Saturday evening last, a group of men from the First Year in Medicine, Arts and Engineering, met at the Y.M.C.A. to discuss the work for the Spring Term. Mr. Geo. Ferguson, President Inter-Collegiate Y.M.C.A., presided, and short talks were given by E. R. Cunningham on Bible study as a factor in student life; Arthur Rose, B.A., on the problems of and opportunities for social service; W. B. Hurd, on the claims of Mission study on our students, and R. F. Argue, B.A., who defined clearly the place of the Y.M.C.A. in student development. After a few words from Mr. Dayton, our student secretary, the men divided into groups to discuss the various phases of the work in their respective Colleges. The conference was very helpful indeed.

#### ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE NOTES

Tone has kindly consented to demonstrate the far-famed "goose step" on our humble rink.

Several Arts students sumptuously dined on summer sausage and chocolates Monday last and now they are never tired of repeating that "eating maketh the full man."

Young man with forty acres western bog wishes to correspond with a young lady between the ages of 30 and 40. Object, matrimony. Strictly confidential. Letters returned if addressed to the College. Address "Doc."

At a recent meeting of the Hockey Association members, Mr. W. Decosse was elected captain of the team representing the college in the intercollegiate hockey series. Mr. Decosse is to have

the able assistance of "Doe" Doiron, who is managing.

Owing to the great quantity of snow that has fallen lately and the practice it has received, our local rink cleaning squad is developing remarkable efficiency. On one occasion almost a seven-inch snowfall was removed and the rink swept clean in 13.09 minutes.

#### MEDICAL NOTES

The *Manitoban* regrets to report the death of W. R. Gorrell's mother, and A. B. Simes' father.

President H. K. Groff represented the Faculty of Medicine at the annual Law Students' dinner at the Royal Alexandra

After Mrs. John Gemmell came home, John interviewed the barber.

Little Frances McGill, who nightly prays for her class-mates, has added this to her prayers: "O Lord, make my boy class-mates more chivalrous."

Doctor—What is the first qualification of a gentleman in the medical profession?

Student (from his position below a seat)—Money!

The presence of Mr. Jacob Freisen and Mrs. Freisen, nee Miss Norma Monk, was a prominent feature in the opening of the new Olympia hotel

Convener of Dinner Committee—"Now we will have to get a joke from the Fourth Year."

Committee Member—"Put in the whole year."

Owing to family troubles Messrs. Haverson, Monk and Freisen will not receive again till next April. Friends, acquaintances and creditors will please bear this in mind.

Young Medical Student to Librarian—"Have you anything on *Ascaris Lumbricoides* or *Megocephala Bivalens*?

Miss Th-n—"Yes; just look for worms."

Philip Hedgesheimer, M.D., of Bredenbury, Sask., was married to a popular young lady of Winnipeg during the Christmas holidays. It is said that he consulted a member of the Kaiser's family about the proposed marriage. Congratulations.

Doctor—What is the rule to diagnose skin eruptions?

First Year Student—Boyle's law.

Myx (in small taxi)—"Where shall I put my arms?"

Fair Aggie (H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub>)—"Oh, put them where you usually do."

Moose mistook his machine and climbed into the police patrol from force of habit.

Professor—Do you think there will be more of the class here next Tuesday? Bud—No! Some of the boys are starting to work next week.

#### GRAHAM

There was a young man named Graham, Who was very much given to say-um

Stood up in a throng,

Said: "The President's wrong."

If he had brains, he didn't display 'em.

Said this self-same gallant named Graham Of eastern Collegiate fame,

As he came to the West,

And threw out his chest:

"I, Seniores priores proclaim."

EVERY UNIVERSITY STUDENT  
===== REMEMBER =====

# University Theatre Night

*THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA  
DRAMATIC SOCIETY*

PRESENTS

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON'S

“THE  
BANKRUPT”

---

*Walker Theatre, February 4*

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Every new patron gets one brand new cigar. The proprietor, like Hippocrates, has three axioms

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